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ANDREW J. HERNDON. JOHN B. CLARK.

Law Notice.

JOHN B. CLARK AND ANDREW J. HERN-DON, will continue to practice law in part-nership, in all the Courts of Howard County, ex-cept the County Court. All business entrusted to them will receive their

united attention. John B. Clark will continue to attend the several

Courts as heretofore.

Or Office ou the public square, Fayette.

Or A. J. Herudon can at all times be found at the County Clerk's Office.

Fayette, October 23d, 1847.

33-6m.

## JNO. W. HENRY. ATTORNEY AT LAW, FAYETTE, MO.,

WILL attend to any business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard, and the counties adjoining. He may be found at the Receiver's office, when not absent on professional business. [Fayette, Nov. 6th, 1847.

Doct. Wm. Everett, HAVING located permanently in Fayette, of-fers his professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity.

Residence 2d door below the Bank.

Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

# Doct. A. S. Dinwiddie,

GRATEFUL for past patronage, still continues to offer his MEDICAL SERVICES to the eitizens of Howard County.

Or Office on the South East side of the public square, where he can usually be found in the day; at night—at his residence, 3d door below the Bank-Fayette, April 10th, 1847.

#### L. D. Brewer, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL attend to any business entrusted to him--in the Second Judicial District.

REFERENCES. BROWNING & BUSHNEL, Quincy, Illinois. A. W. Monnison, Esq., Fayette.
Col., J. Davis,
W. Picker, Benton, Miss. Col. P. H. FOUNTAIN, Pontatock, Miss. McCampbell & Coates, Huntsville, Mo. Othice-McCampher's Buildings, Huntsville, Io. [Randelph co., Dec. 12th, '46, 40-1y

EMANUEL DEROIN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Druggist and Apothecary,

No. 48 N. Main Street, Sorner of Eighth Street and Franklin Avenue, KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND Fresh Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,

Window Glass, Glassware, Soaps.
PERFUMERY, AND PATENT MEDICINES. Cheap for Cash. St. Louis, October 16th, 1847.

Benjamin H. Twombly, ATTORNEY AT LAW WILL practice in the Courts of Howard. Randolph, Chariton and Carroll counties.

## R. E. TERRY. ATTORNEY AT LAW, FAYETTE, MO.,

Courts of Howard, Boone, Cooper, Saline, Chariton, Randolph and Macon counties. Office west side of the public square. Fayette, October 2d, 1847.

To the Ladies. We have just received a splendid assortment of Ladies' and Children's FALL AND WINTER WEAR, to which we invite the attention of the

A very fine French cloth, for ladies' cloaks. Paris and English cashmeres, raris and English cashmeres, Satin striped and plain col'd cashmeres, Black and col'd fancy silks, Black and col'd popplins, Paris plaid and oil dress ginghams, Real and common alpaccas, Gimps, fringes and laces, Visite trimming and fancy neck ties, Fancy silk and velvets, for bonnets, Paris worked collars and capes, Shell butterfly combs,

Mitts, (long and short) gloves, &c., &c., Children's nett frocks and coats, do. bonnets and hoods,

do. stockings, socks and gloves,
Fine woolen plaids and linseys,
A very fine assortment of cloth caps,
Patent gum over shoes, for ladies and children Flowers, feathers, and party hair trimming, with a great variety of other articles. Call and see. J. RIDDLESBARGER & Co.

Fayette, October 16th, 1847. BUFFALO ROBES .- Call at Carroll's corner if you want to sleep warm this winter. Glasgow, December 4th, 1847.

# BOON'S LICK TIMES.

" ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."-JETTERSON.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848.

The Old Minstrel.

An! once again my trembling fingers Sweep o'er thy strings, harmonious lyre! Though hidden, yet within thee lingers A portion of thine olden fire. That waked in Youth the soft desire, In Manhood roused the earnest soul. And trembling Age soothed on its darkening goal O'er my pale brows Time's snowy wreath

Vol. 8.

In silvering folds is gently thrown; And o'er my path, around, beneath, The ashes of my joy are strown: Yet comes to me the repturous tons Which issued from thy strings whilome,

The songs of Youth-the socred strains of Home. Back from the verge of future Time Mine old eyes gaze with filling tears;

'T is not that I no more shall climb The flowery hills of Manhood's years, Nor that I shake with hidden fears; But oh! the forms, the scenes, I see Moving along thy hall's, fond Memory !

Come up, ye wandering shadows, come! Your faded tents around me fold: It cheers this old heart in its gloom Your time worn fingers to behold; Again my lyre, though strange and old, Wake to thy once mysterious power.

And soothe my carnest spirit for an hour! Sing of the youth that filled my veins, When first Love touched my trembling breast; Bring back the vales, the woods, the plains, The laughing stream, the cottage blest; The loved who watched my infant rest,-

The father good with precept wise, The mother pure with Heaven enhallowed eyes. And oh! bring back with power divine, That sainted one whose gentle hand Once lay so fondly clasped in mine,

The angel of the holy band; Fairest that bounteous Heaven e'er planned, To soothe our weary pathway here, Or guide the soul to its untainted sphere.

Now strike a louder, bolder strain; Bring me the trophies I have won n many a strife of awe and pain, When first my weary race began,-

When highest rolled my manhood's sun. Ah! dust and ashes! bear them hence. Too small for thought-too foul for innocence! Bring me the good deeds I have done,-

The sorrows checked, the dried up tears; Ah! few, yet bright as Heaven's bright sun, The jewels of my gathered years, I'll bind them, yet with anxious fears Around this old heart as I go,-

They cannot give my cheek a crimson glow.

If I have suffered wo and pain, And felt the blight of evil men, Touch lightly on the saddening strain, It cannot wound my heart again: Forgetful of the evil, when I memory's fondest joys recall, I smile to think how harmless was the gall!

In vain! thy saddened task is o'er: Sleep, songless with thy weight of tears; A few brief days, and then no more Thy sound shall pierce the gathering years; Yet e'er as life its darkness nears

Will food Remembrance gently bring The holy tones that blest thy songless string!

THREE WAYS OF MANAGING A HUSBAND.

so once, but a few years hard experience me not only to sigh, but to shed many a has compelled me to change my mind. When tear over his perverseness. From the Coffice on the west side of the Public Square. casiest thing in the world to correct what It was clear to my mind that I had rights Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., May 2d, 1847. 8-1y was not exactly to my taste. It is no matreally appeared to have no will of his own, roused in me a bitter and contentious spirit; WILL faithfully and promptly attend to all necessary for me to express a wish, and it would have a struggle for the mastery. was gratified.

must own, in justice to all parties, flow- for that very evening. ever, that this difference is made more apother side, in regard to the difference he- concerttween the relation of a wife and a sweet-

heart-between the wooed and won. in Mr. Smith which I had noticed before noon, I took the precaution to secure tickmarriage, that I made up my mind to cor- ets as I came home to dinner. I would rect as soon as I had an opportunity to have sent the porter with a note to know apply the proper means. He had a fash- whether there was any anything to prevent ion of saying "Miss" for "Mrs.," as "Miss your going to-night, but he has been out all Jones" and "Miss Peters" for "Mrs. Jones" the morning, and I concluded that, even if and "Mrs. Peters." This sounded exceed- there should be some slight impediment in ingly vulgar to my ears, and I waited the way, you could easily set it aside." almost impatiently for the time to come | Now this I thought too much. To go when I could use the prerogative of a wife and buy tickets to see Fanny Ellsler dance, for its correction. He had an ungraceful and take it for granted that I would lay way of lounging in his chair and half re- everything aside to go, when I had set my clining on the sofa, even in company, that heart on attending the Philharmonic Conwas terrible. It made me uneasy from head to foot. Then he said, "I shew it to him,"—"often" for "I showed it to him,"—"often" for said. "You ought to know that I don't had reached my sister's house I felt so mis-

those who are to come after me.

We had been married just ten days, and I had begun to feel that I was really a wife, and had a right to say and do a little as I pleased, when Mr. Smith said ed. to me as we sat quite lover-like on the sofa in the evening:

"I met Miss Williams as I came home this evening-"For mercy's sake, Mr. Smith! don't say

Miss when you speak of a married woman. It is excessively vulgar." I was not aware that I had spoken in a very offensive way, but I noticed an instant change in Mr. Smith. He replied with some dignity of tone and manner.

"I ask your pardon, madam; but I didn't say Miss. I am not quite so ignorant as all that comes to."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Smith, but you did say it," I replied, quite astonished at this unexpected denial.

"Excuse me for saying that you are in error," he returned, drawing himself up.
I never say Miss for Mrs."
"Why Mr. Smith! You always say it.
I have noticed it a hundred times. I be-

lieve I can hear pretty correctly." "In this instance you certainly have not."

Mr. Smith was growing warm, and I felt the blood rushing to my face. A rather tart reply was on my lips, but I bit them hard and succeeded in keeping them closed.

A deep silence followed. In a little while Mr. Smith took up a newspaper and commenced reading, and I found some relief for a heavy pressure that was upon

stitching a fine pocket-handkerchief. And this was the return I had met for a kind attempt to correct a mistake of my husband's that made him liable to ridicule on the charge of vulgarity! And to deny, too, that he had said "Miss," when I had been worried about it for more than a year. It was too bad!

After this Mr. Smith was very particular in saying, when he spoke of a married woman to me, "Misses." The emphasis on the second syllable was much too strongly marked to be pleasant to my cars. I was terribly afraid he would say "Mistress," thus going off into the opposite extreme of vulgarity.

This first attempt to put my husband straight had certainly not been a very pleasant one. He had shown, unexpectedly to me, a humor that could by no means be called amiable; and by which I was both grieved and astonished. I made up my mind that I would be very careful in future how I tried my hand at reforming him. But his oft repeated "he shew it to me," and "ableged," soon fretted me so sorely that I was forced to come down upon him again, which I did at a time upon him again, which I did at a time altogether.

This was said very cannay.

"And I told you at dinner time that I was going to the Philharmonic and not to see this dancer." I tried to appear as composed as he was, but failed in the attempt altogether.

This was said very cannay.

"And I told you at dinner time that I winely. Her's is truly the poetry of movinely. We will go to the Capes, said my nusbench tion."

Now this was too much! I will leave it to any reader—any female reader, I will pass agreeably enough at the Springs. the theatre before you said that," was the cold answer he made.

In the house for a week, although the sun shone brightly enough out of doors. His "Show it to me," and "obleged," were, however, among the things that had been after that. So much was an ottoo much. I had so not been after the theatre before you said that," was the burst into a flood of tears and immediately withdrew, leaving my busband to eat his breakfast alone. He sat the usual time. "To the Capes, Mary, and nowhere which provoked me exceedingly. If he like.—The carriage will be here at half past seven. If you are then ready to go to house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house the carriage of house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house the carriage of house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vourself for house I would have felt that I had not a vour evidently prefer going there, withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his we will let the Capes pass for this year.

"To the Capes, Mary, and nowhere where had jumped up from the table and left the capes had jumped up from the table and left the capes had a vour evidently prefer going there, withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his was noticed and in the very left withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his was noticed and in the very left withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his was noticed and in the very left withdrew, leaving my husband to eat his was noticed with the capes and in the very left withdrew. got "worked up" about something, administered the rod of correction.

Gradualty I could see that my husband was changing, and, as I felt, for the worse. Scarcely a year had passed before he would To those who have never tried the ex- get into a pet if I said the least word to periment, the management of a husband him. He couldn't bear anything from me. may seem a very easy matter. I thought This seemed very unreasonable, and caused I married Mr. Smith, which was about thoughtful, ever considerate, self-sacrificing ten years ago, I was not altogether blind lover, he had come to be disregardful of to his faults and peculiarities; but then he my wishes, careless of my comfort, and had so many solid virtues that these were indifferent to my society. Still I felt by no viewed as minor considerations. Besides, means disposed to give him up; was by no I flattered myself that it would be the means inclined to let him have his own way. easiest thing in the world to correct what It was clear to my mind that I had rights ter of especial wonder that I should have tion enough to be ready to maintain them. erred in this, for Mr. Smith, while a lover, His self-will and indifference to my wishes and no thought of himself. It was only and, in an evil hour, I determined that I An opportunity was not long delayed. I soon found, much to my disappoint- The Philharmonic Society had announced ment, that there is a marked difference be- one of its splendid concerts. A lady friend, tween a husband and a lover; it was at who had frequently attended these conleast so in the case of Mr. Smith, and ob- certs, called in to see me, and, by what she servation, since I have had my eyes open, said, filled me with a desire to enjoy the satisfies me that it is so in most cases. I fine musical treat that had been announced

When Mr. Smith came home to dinner parent by a want of knowledge, on the he said, before I had time to mention the

"Mary, I've taken a fancy to go and see Fanny Ellsler to-night, and as there will be There were a good many little things no chance of getting a good seat this after-

sides these there were sundry other things don't relish such kind of performances. the window to the driver, and direct him pel my grief.

that worried me not a little. But I con- Yout at least might have waited until you to return. On arriving at home, some soled myself with the reflection that when came home to dinner and asked the quest twenty minutes after I had left it, I went I became Mrs. Smith all these little matters tion. I don't believe a word about the up to my chamber, and there had a hearty would vanish like frost in the sunshine. I good seats all being taken this morning.
was, also, doomed to be mistaken; but let me give my experience for the benefit of dancer toss her feet about was a thing you had utterly failed in this last vigorous conto go along whether I liked it or not."

"You talk in rather a strange way, Mrs. Smith," said my husband evidently offend-

Here I've been making all my calculations to go the Philharmonic to-night, and you come home with tickets for the theatre. going to the Philharmonic."

This was taking a stand that I had nover taken before. In most of my efforts to The direct issue of "I won't" and "I will" a struggle, fiercer than ever, for the ascenme resolute. Under this view of the case I made the open averment that I would not go to the theatre. I expected that a scene would follow, but I was mistaken.

little wider, but he said nothing.

Just then the bell announced that dinner firm step. Before we were married he my bosom, in the employment of hem wouldn't have dreamed of thus preceding me! I was fretted at this little act. It in- chamber where I lay, I greeted his presdicated too plainly what was in the man.

self to eat that I might appear unconcerned. vienne!" I continued to sob, and he con-On rising from the table, Mr. Smith left tinued to whistle for the next ten minutes, the house without saying a word.

my stand, and my intention was to main- sion of satisfaction. Still I subbed on, tain it to the last. That Mr. Smith would thinking that every sighing breath I drew, yield I had no doubt at first.—But as evening approached, and the trial-time drew a pang to his heart. But from this fond near, I had some misgivings.

way, "I have ordered a carriage to be here | asleep! at half past seven. We mustn't leave home later, as the curtain rises at eight." "What curtain rises? Where do you

think of going?" "To see Fanny Ellsler of course. I mentioned to you at dinner time that I had seem to notice either.

ever, among the things that had been after past seven. If you are then ready to go to house I would have felt that I had made that. So much was gained; although there the theatre, I shall be happy to have your some impression upon him. But 10 take your sister was going." were times when I half suspected that I company." And my husband, after say- things in this calm way! What had I And to the Capes we went, and I did enhad lost more than I had gained. But I ing this with a most unruffled manner, gained? Nothing as I could see. After iny myself excellently well. As for my persevered, and, every now and then, when | politely bowed and retired to the parlor.

he carriage drive up to the door and the stairs-said in a low voice-

"Mary," called my husband at the bottom of the stair-case, in a cheerful tone, weep. Mr. Smith stood for the space of "are you ready?"

cending. "To the theatre."

"I am ready for the concert," I answered in as composed a voice as I could that my husband had no feeling, that he did this wonderful how all was changed af-

Mrs. Smith. I thought you understood that," firmly replied my husband. "I am The thought of becoming the passive slave Before I could not turn him to the right going to see Fanny Ellsler. If you will of a domestic tyrant was dreadful. I felt not the left, though I strave to do so with go with me, I shall be very happy to have that I could not live in such a state. When my atmost strength. Now I held him onyour company. If not I must go alone."

with equal resolution. "Oh! very well," he said, not seeming face in a pillow, to be at all disturbed, "Then you can use

the carriage at the door. I will walk to Saying this, Mr. Smith turned from me the street door close, and I heard my hus-

the house. Without hesitating a moment tered the carriage, and ordered the man to not see, in a cold, erect attitude. drive me-where? I had no ticket for the concert; nor could I go alone!

"To the Musical Fund Hall, I believe, touching the rim of his hat,

I tried to think what I should do. To be conquered was hard. And it was clear sorry that I had commenced this new mode for we take your magazine. But I have that I could not go alone.

"Drive me to No. - Walnut street." I had directed him to the house of my

I thought over everything that occurred "I don't see that I do," replied I, warming. "The fact is, Mr. Smith, you seem to take it for granted that I am nobody. sion that he was a self-willed, overbearing. me a particle of affection.

No. 43.

It was clear that I had not been able to tained his ground like a hero. manage my spouse; determined as I had At last I gave up in despair. Pride, selfhim one of the best, most conciliating, and weak woman in the hands of a strongloving of husbands, with whom my wish minded man. If I could not love him as I would be law. Still I could not think of wished to love him, I could at least obey. make my husband go my way, he had suc- giving up. The thought of being reduced in nothing did I now oppose him, either by ceeded in making me go his way. This to a tame, submissive wife, who could resolute words or tears. If he expressed always chafed me dreadfully. I fretted hardly call her soul her own, was not for a wish, whether to me agrecable or not, I and scolded, and "all that sort of thing," but a moment to be entertained. On reflective was no use, I could not manage him. tion it occurred to me that I had, probably, taken the wrong method with my had not yet been made, and I was some husband. There was a touch of stubborntime in coming to the resolution to have ness in his nature that had arrayed itself against my too carnest efforts to bend him dancy. I fondly believed that for peace to my will. A better way occurred. I sake he would not stand firm if he saw had heard it said by some one, or had read it somewhere, that no man was proof against a woman's tears.

much more like crying than laughing, and Mr. Smith did, indeed, open his eyes a so it was no hard matter, I can honestly aver, to appear bathed in tears on my bushand's return between eleven and twelve was on the table. Mr. Smith arose, and o'clock from the theatre. I cried from husband. He would come off the conquerled the way to the dinner-room with a vexation as much as from any other feel. or spite of angry words or ineffectual

When Mr. Smith came up into the ence with half a dozen running sabs, which Dinner passed in silence. I forced my- he answered by whistling the "Cracco-By that time he was ready to get into bed. You may suppose I didn't feel very com- which he did quite leisurely, and laid himfortable during the afternoon. I had taken | self down upon his pillow with an expresdelusion, a heavily drawn breath, that was Mr. Smith came home early.
"Mary," he said, in his usual pleasant and looked over at the man-he was sound

A good, hearty cry to myself was all the satisfaction I had, and then I went to

seem to notice either.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself at the concert last night," he said. "I was de, lighted at the theatre. Fanny danced di. shall find pleasant society at the Springs."

"We will go to the Capes," said my hus-

"Are you not well, Mary?" about a minute, but asked no further ques- to give him pleasure to gratify it. not care whether I was pleased or sail, ter this. There were no more struggles "I am not going to the concert to-night. But I determined to give him a fair trial. If on my part to manage my husband, Mr. Smith came home at dinner time I was by with a silken fetter, and guided him "And I am going to the Philharmonic, in my chamber, ready prepared for a gush without really intending to do so in almost I thought you understood that," I replied, of tears. As he opened the door I looked any direction.

deliberately and walked away. I heard him well for what he had done as a lesson it is wonderful too how he has improved. him tell the driver of the carriage to take for the future. I next expected him to I am sure he is not the same man that he me to the Musical Fund Hall; then I heard draw his arm around me, and be very was five years ago. But perhaps I see band's footsteps on the pavement as he left tones. But no such thing! He quietly the same woman; or, if the same, very unwithdrew the hand he had placed upon like what I then was. for reflection, I followed to the door, en- mine; and stood by me, I could feel, though

eard him moving across the floor, and madam," he said, standing with his fingers then the chamber door shut. I was once sex. My husband, Mr. John Smith, will more alone.

"No," I replied, grasping hold of the gun I was determined to go through with it. first suggestion that came to my mind. "He'll at least take care how he acts in the future," I said. I did not leave my cham- them. ber to join my husband at the dinner table. sister, where I thought I would stay until He sat his usual time, as I could tell by the after eleven o'clock, and then return home, ringing of the bell for the servant to change him" for "I showed it to him,"—"often" for said. "You ought to know that I don't relish such kind of performances. the window to the driver, and direct him pel my grief.

For three days I tried this experiment upon my husband, who bore it with the unflinching heroism of a martyr. I was forced, at last, to come to, but I was by no means satisfied that my new mode was a failure. For all Mr. Smith's assumed indifference, I knew that he had been troubled at heart, and I was pretty well satisfied that he would think twice before provoking me to another essay of tears .-Upon the whole, I felt pretty sure that I ad discovered the means of doing with him as I plused.

A few weeks of supshine passed-I must own that the sun did not look so bright, nor feel so warm as it had done in former had made up your mind to do, and I was test with my husband, who had come off times-and then our wills came once more perfectly victorious. Many bitter things in collision. But my tears fell upon a did I write against him in my heart, and largely did I magnify his faults. I believe least perceptible impression. Mr. Smith had his own way, and I cried about it until I got tired of that sport, and in very weafrom whatever could justify the conclusion that he was a self-willed, overbearing. unfeeling man, and did not entertain for defensible position. Sometimes I did nt smile for weeks. But my husband main-

will, anger-all were conquered. I was a

One day, not long after this change in my conduct toward my husband--he said to me,

"I rather think, Mary, we will spend a couple of weeks at Brandywine Springs instead of going to Cape May this season."
I replied—"Very well, dear;" although I

had set my heart on going to the Capes .--My sister and her husband, and a number On the present occasion I certainly felt of my friends were going down, and I had anticipated a good deal of pleasure. I did not know of a single person who was going to the Brandywine Springs. But what was the use of entering into a contest with my

"The Springs are so much more quiet than the Capes," said my husband, "Yes," I returned, "there is less gay com-

pany there."

Don't you think you will enjoy yourself as well there as at the Capes?" Now this was a good deal for my husband to say. I harnly knew what to make

"If you prefer going there, dear, let us go by all means." I answered. I was not affecting anything, but was in carnest in what I said. Mr. Smith looked into my face for some

moments, and with unusual affection I "Mary," he said, if you think the time will pass more pleasantly to you at the

Capes, let us go there by all means." sleep. On the next morning I met Mr. Smith at the breakfast table with red eyes and a sad countenance. But he did not "and so is Mrs. L—and Mrs. D—and a sad countenance." a good many more of our friends. I did

breakfast Mr. Smith came up to the cham. husband, I never saw him in a better state I was on fire. But I had no thought of ber, and seeing my face buried in a pillow of mind. To me he was more like a lover rielding.

Weeping bitterly—I had increased the flaw than a husband. No, I will not say that At half past seven I was ready. I heard of tears on hearing him ascending the either, for I can't admit that a heaband may not be as kind and offectionate as a lover; for he can and will be if managed I made no answer, but continued to rightly, and a great deal more really so. Whenever I expressed a wish it appeared "Ready to go where?" I asked on de- tion. Then, without uttering a word, he this instead of suffering myself to be the retired from the chamber, and in a little mere recipient of kind attentions, I began while after I heard him leave the house, to vie with him in the sacrifice of sulfish

failed in this new way what was I to do? | yet I generally had things my own way.

up with streaming eyes, and then hid my | Several years have passed since that ev-"Mary," he said, with much kindness in May. Not once since have I attempted his voice, "what alls you? Are you sick?" any management of my husband, and yet he laid his hand upon mine as he spoke. It is a rare thing that my wish is not, as it But I did not reply. I meant to punish used to be before we were married, his law, tender and sympathizing in his words and with different eyes. At any rate I am not

So much, Mr. Editor, for my efforts to manage a husband. Of the three ways so "Are you not well, Mary!" he asked again. faithfully tried, your fair readers will be at I was still silent. A little while after I no loss to determine which is best. I make these honest confessions for the good of my be no little surprised if this history should When the bell rung for dinner, I felt half meet his eye, and it is most likely to do so, of managing my husband, but as I had been no idea that it will interrupt the present harmonious relations existing between us. but rather tend to confirm and strengthen

A boy in Jamaica was driving a mule-the